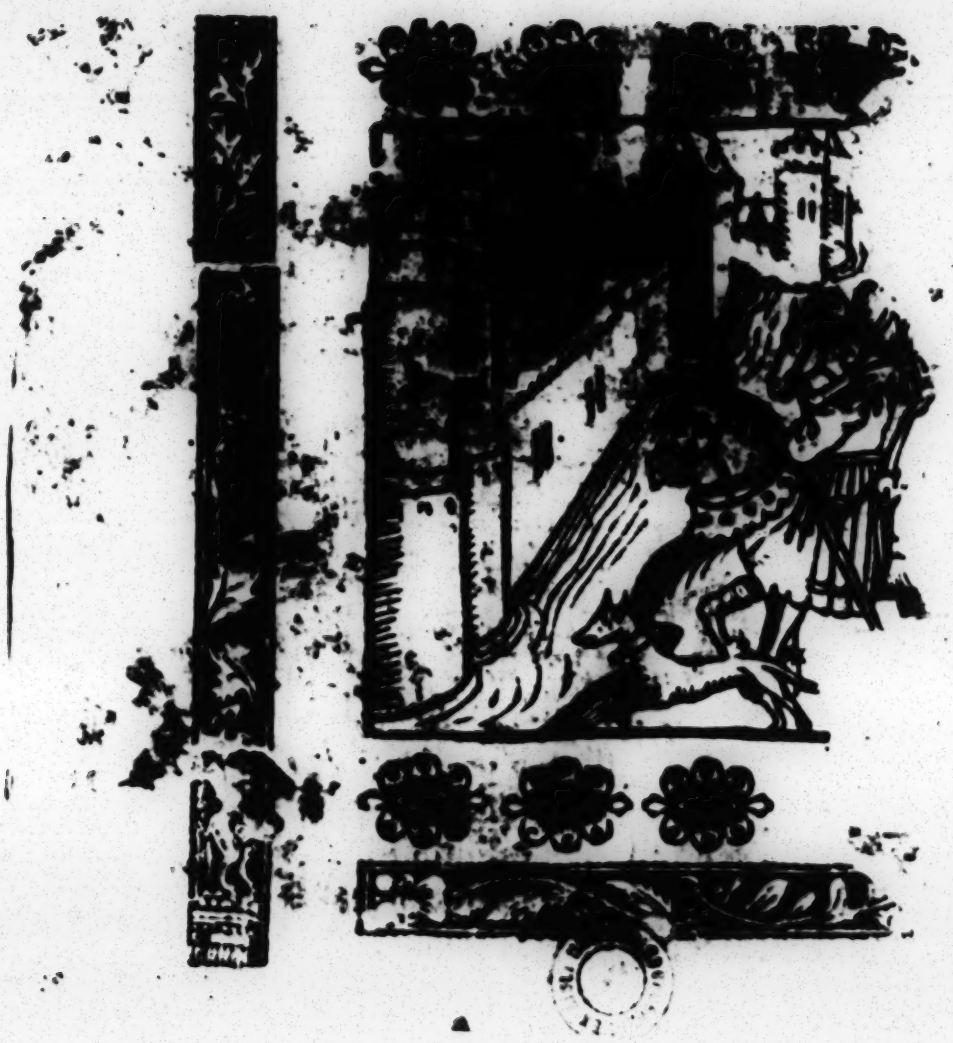
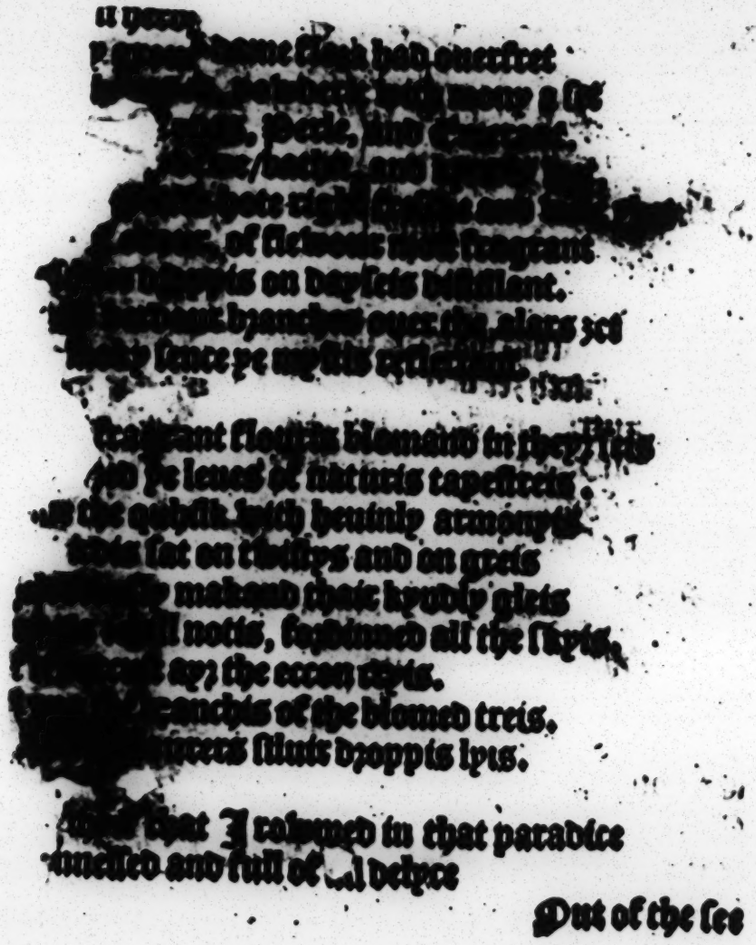
Fragment of an unknown edition
of the Palice of Honour,
by Gawyn Douglas, Bishop of
Dunkeld. — Printed apparently
at Edinburgh not later than the year 1540,
by Thomas Davidson. D. L.





Out of the lee

Thaim to pyleryne [illegible]
The vmbrate treis that Tytan about
Ther portrait, and on the tothy pichappit.
Perfytlie bathes [illegible]
Quhois amene hete in [illegible]
The gudschippers amang[is] the bergeis gr[illegible]
And beis wyocht materiall for[illegible]

¶ Richt haistlie [illegible]
Phebus, furth [illegible]
Wauit nutritryue till all thingis bigrant:
God Eolus of wynd [illegible]
For aid Saturne with his mantall [illegible]
And bad aspect contrar till every plant.
Neptunus nold within that Palace pant.
The bertall stremes rynnyng men micht heir
By bondis grene with glancis bariant.

¶ For tyll beholde that hewynly place comple
The purgit ayr with new engendrit hete:
The soyl enbroude with colowr/ vre, and [illegible]
The tender grene, the balmy droppys swete:

[illegible] tyll euerie
[illegible] nd tyll [illegible]ng of nature.
Quha [illegible]ourage and [illegible]
[illegible]s [illegible]ch his [illegible] tyll [illegible]
Defendand grace on euery creature.

¶ Thy godly loue/clinging incompareabyll
Dantis the sau age bestis maist [illegible]
And expellys all that nature infectis.
The knoppit syonys [illegible] lemys ag[illegible]
For tyl reuert and bourgeone as maid [illegible]
Thy myrth refrestingis hyddis in thair [illegible]
Quhilkis the to pyple and nature maist [illegible]
Confessand you maist potent and lou[illegible]
Amang the bowys of the olyue tuystis.

¶ In the is rute and augment of curage.
In the enfoycis mastis hardilage.
In the is amourus lust and armony
Wyth incrementis fresch in lusty age.
Quha that confrontit as in iustis rage
Iowyllis and yairn with obseruance apyle

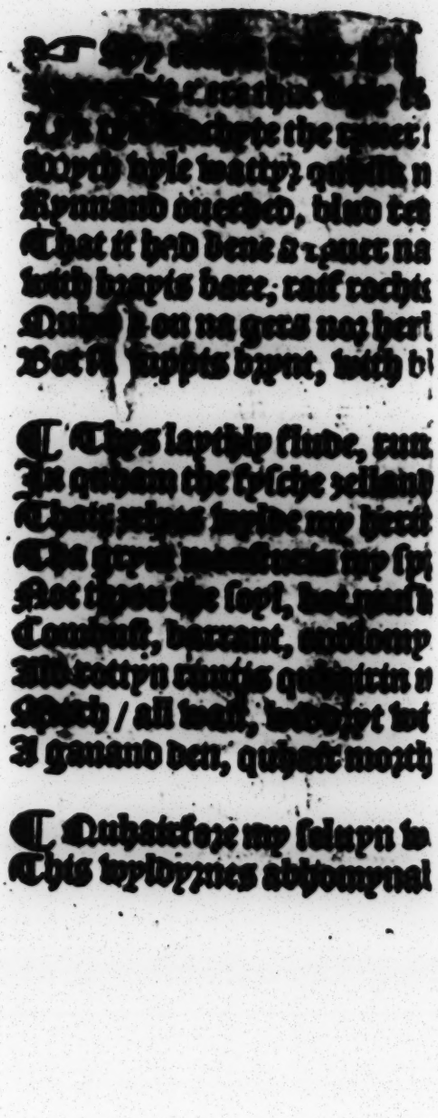
well

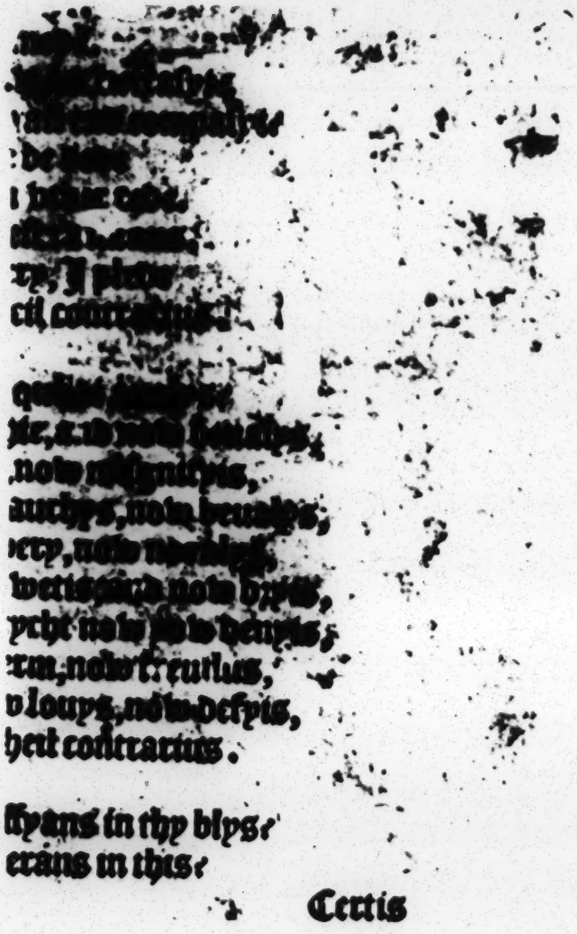
Confort your [illegible]
With [illegible]
Thinkyng thy fere hath [illegible]

¶ Thy fatal swerd thy febyl
Thy dasyt hyrd quham lake
And not sustene so assaultyll
With cry curage febyll stern
Betwrod me hame and /ik
Out of the ayr come ane imp
Thow quhois lycht in erral
Inuyd the virgulis all in tyl
As semmyne so febyl fell

¶ And with that gleme so da
Quhill that remanyt nocht
Both mottone/nor hetys nat
Saw weyr mam so fayut a le
And na ferly for ouer excellan
Corruppys the wit and garry
on tyl the hart that it no beng

rambyl. And novv nixt after
the Palyce of HONOVR
n. &c.





Certis